

RECKLESS RALPH'S

# DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

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## ENGLISH BOYS MAGAZINES

Popular literature of Dime Novel times, is—to those who are capable of understanding and appreciating it—a subject of fascinating and perennial interest. It may be said to have been divided into two parts. The first part being that class of novels and stories that appealed to the adult reader in the story papers and magazines of the period; while the second part was published exclusively for the amusement and enjoyment of the more youthful readers. It is the intention of the writer to try to give some account, in the following article, of the English boys papers from their very beginning, and to give some idea of the stories and romances contained in their pages. The very first of the many papers and magazines published for the entertainment of youthful readers made its appearance in the year 1832, and was called "The Boys and Girls Penny Magazine," and this was followed by a number of others all of which had only a very brief existence. Among them was the "Young Mens Weekly Magazine," "Boys Own Journal," "Boys and Girls Companion," "Youths Instructor," and in 1859 they were followed by the "Boys Own Times and News of the World," the very first boys newspaper ever published. This was succeeded by "Little Englands Illustrated Newspaper," and in 1861 was followed by "Young England," a paper of superior type, well illustrated with woodcuts, portraits, views, and fine literary matter. Along with the last named paper in the years from 1856 to 1870, among the papers published

for boys was the following "Bertons Boys Own Magazine," "Vickers Boys Journal" and a fine old magazine—"Routledges Every Boys Magazine." This was a publication of high class character well known and very popular. The writer has four volumes of the last named journal and will give the titles of some of the stories contained in them which will give some idea of the character and exciting nature of the stories that appeared in their pages. The first was "His Fathers Sword," a tale of the Crimean war, followed by "Gasper the Gaucho," a story of South America, by the famous author Capt. Mayne Reid. Along with these two in the different volumes was "Unic the Indian." Adventure in Central America. "The Phantom Prah," "The Hobgoblin and the Demon," "True as Steel," and many others. Routledge also published a highly interesting series of paper covered novels of a size to fit the pocket, bound in red and yellow covers, with a thrilling illustration on the front outside cover depicting some incident of the story within. This series contained the works of authors famous in their day, but now almost forgotten, or who have in the course of time become classics, and are now known to every well read person. But to get back to our account of the boys papers and magazines published in England. It was on Tuesday November 27, 1866 that the first number of the most famous and widely read magazine for boys ever published made its first appearance. This was the extremely popular "Boys Of England." There had never been anything like it pub-



the nations of the earth pass along the famous street mostly attired in the costume peculiar to their native land. With them were redshirted miners from the 'diggins,' Indians in full costume of feathers and blanket, kanakers, from the kingdom of the Sandwich Islands—as Hawaii was then called—sailors from all the Seven Seas, while Chinese swarmed by the thousand.

It was due to this Chinese invasion that the 'sand lot' agitation of the period, led by Dennis Kerney took place in which the slogan was—"The Chinese must go."

San Francisco in those days had many eccentric and original characters, the most noted of which was Emperor Norton.

The Emperor was a stockbroker who went insane through losses on the stock exchange, and who fancied himself Emperor of the United States. This personage would parade Market street attired in a semi-military uniform with immense gold epaulettes and a cocked hat with feathers, bowing gallantly to all the ladies he met.

With the prodigal generosity, characteristic of the time, he was supported in good style at one of the principal hotels by his old friends of the Stock Exchange. There were several other curious characters besides Emperor Norton, but lack of space prevents me describing more.

It was the time of the great mining excitement at Virginia City, Nevada. Fortunes were made in a day on the Stock Exchange. A friend of the writer's family, a doctor, made over \$65,000 in one day through fortunate investments in mining stocks and the next week left with his family for Europe to enjoy his good fortune.

San Francisco has always been noted for its Bohemianism and love of good cheer. Its restaurants at that time were famous, especially the well known **Toodle Dog**, and the famous **Cliff House**. When one wanted to celebrate some event; or treat a party of friends, the custom was either to go to one of the noted restaurants; or, to take a hack—the cabs of those days—and ride out to the 'Cliff.' At either place one was sure of a capital feed.

The Cliff House, I should explain was built on a cliff overlooking the

entrance to San Francisco bay, the famous Golden Gate.

Many a time I have been with my parents out to the old original Cliff House—famous since the days of Forty-Nine—and after enjoying a perfect dinner; we have sat on the terrace of the hotel fronting the ocean, and watched the seals on the famous Seal Rocks; and the ships entering the Golden Gate.

Besides its numerous theatres, the city had two places of amusement that were celebrated. One was Woodward's Gardens, and the other the Mechanics Pavalion. Woodward's Gardens was much like the Shutes of years after, and was the place where children were crazy to visit. It was full of all kinds of amusements. It had a Haunted House, Punch and Judy shows, a lake full of swans and gaily painted boats, carriages that were drawn by teams of goats, and other attractions too numerous to mention, that were dear to our childish fancy. The Mechanics Pavalion was the place where were shown all the large exhibitions; flower shows, horse shows, mechanical displays and such like. I can remember seeing there the first model of the cable car system that was afterwards used to such a great extreme in San Francisco, and also in Los Angeles. A great drawback to the city at the time, was the gangs of toughs and desperate characters by which the town was infested. There were the notorious "hoodlums." They constituted a class by themselves, and adopted a distinctive dress, the principal feature of which was the hat that was of the low crowned type with a wide stiff brim, much like the Spanish style seen in some of the early "movies." I can remember seeing a bloody fight between a burly Irish policeman, and a gang of these rowdies at the foot of the street on which we dwelt.

There is no city in the world where the social spirit is more in evidence than in San Francisco; and it was especially so at the time of which I write. My people had a host of friends and almost every evening there was a gathering at our house. The years were not long since the Civil War; and many were the veterans of both sides I have listened to as they "Fought their battles o'er again" around our dinner table. I wish I had



Diamond, The Monkey Schoolboy, The Tribunal of Ten, The Armourers Son, The Miner Pirate, Bertram the Bandit, and many others.

The most unique of all the E. J. Brett publications was The Boys of the Empire. It was the first magazine for boys ever published in colors. No. 1 of the magazine first appeared Feb. 6, 1888 and ran till May 22, 1893 when it ceased to exist. We give the titles of some of the hundreds of gripping stories and romances that lived in its pages. The Master of the Sword, From School to Battlefield, Canadian Jack, The Sword of Fate, Rouen Castle, Crusaders Vow, Haunted Down, The Seven Spectres, Jolly Jack, Phantom Pirate, The Young Gladiator, The Island of Gold, and others too numerous to mention. The last of the E. J. Brett publications was The Boys of the British Empire. It had but a short life and ran to only 90 numbers. The E. J. Brett publications had an immense vogue in their day, and were read all over the English speaking world. We will now give the titles of boys magazines besides the Brett publications. There were very many of them and space permits of but giving a short account of them all, or to list any of their contents. But before giving any further it occurred to the writer that it might be of interest to his readers to give some account of Mr. Brett himself, who has been called the king of publishers of boys literature. He amassed a large fortune in the business and died a wealthy man on Dec. 15, 1895. His splendid collection of ancient armour was sold at auction and realized nearly \$60,000. It took twenty-five years to collect and was one of the finest in existence.

To resume, next to the Brett publications were the Emmet publications. These comprised The Young Englishman's Journal and The Sons of Britannia. They both became very popular and had an army of readers. We give the titles of some of the stories published in them. Spartacus, The Crusaders of the Guard, Tom Wildrake, The Boy Gladiator, The Cloud King, Mazzeppa, Capt. Tom Drake, the Haunted Guardsman, The Red Regiment, Old London, Lone Wolf, The Land of Crimson Snow. These fine old journals lasted from March 14, 1870 and ended Sept. 15, 1877. When they were followed by The Young Englishman,

and many others. The Young Englishman was first published on April 19, 1873 and ended Sept. 8, 1883. It was a fine old journal and published very many fine stories. Among which can be noted Mournful Mat, Skeleton Island, Tom Temp-st, The Golden Scout, The Queens Secret, The White Amazon, The Black Privateer, Florello, The City Watch, and a host of others. Besides the Young Englishman during the years 1860 to 1899 appeared many other boys magazines of which we can only give the titles they were so numerous, and most of them had only a very brief existence. The Young Gentleman of Britain, The Young Briton, The Boys Herald, Boys Leisure Hour, Boys Half Holiday, The Boys of the Nation, The Boys World, Our Boys Paper, The Boys Graphic, Comrades, and a number of others. There were two others that deserve more notice. These were The Boys Standard and Ching Chings Own. Both of these papers were highly popular and deservedly so by reason of the excellent stories they published. The Standard started Nov. 6, 1875, and Ching Chings June 14, 1888. Their stories were high class and many of them became famous. We give the titles of a number of them in "The Boys Standard": On The Queen's Service, The Devils Diamond, Handsome Harry, Blue Cap, Caractacus, The Kings Champion, Cheerful Ching Ching, The Tiger King, The Fatal Fortune, Spring Heel Jack, Sweeney Todd, Paul Jones, Three Fingered Jack, The King of the Castle, The Black Bandit, The Crimson Mask and dozens of others. Of "Ching Chings Own" we list a few that appeared in its pages: The Veiled Captain, Handsome Harry, The Wonderful Ching Ching, Jack of the Golden Belt, Leonel the Bold, The Silver Star, Gallant Hal, Young Ching Ching, and many more that lived in its columns. We now turn to a publication famous in its day, the celebrated "Hogarth House" publications. These comprised paper covered novels bound in a red and yellow cover with a highly enticing illustration of some incident of the story on the front outside cover, and a list of the firms publications on the corresponding cover in the back. These novels were of a uniform size of ten inches long by six and a half wide, and were many of them

ing chorus of the old song, and I can see before me the bearded faces of the old pioneers—one of them holding me on his knee—as seated around our dining room table with their glasses before them charged with something more exhilarating than soda water, they sang the songs of the Golden Days.

Another famous old song, very popular at the time, was—

**Oh My Darling Clementine**

"In a cavern, in a canon  
Excavating for a mine,  
Dwelt a miner "forty-niner,"  
And his daughter, Clementine."

We give one more of the old time songs in a song that has lately been revived and played in conjunction with the moving picture drama *The Covered Wagon*. This song is—

**Oh! Susanna**

"I came from Alabama  
With my banjo on my knee  
I am going to Louisiana  
My true love for to see.  
It rained all night  
The day I left,  
The weather it was dry,  
The sun so hot,  
I froze to death;  
Susanna don't you cry."

Chorus—

"Oh! Susanna, Oh! don't you  
Cry for me.  
I've come from Alabama  
With my banjo on my knee."

Those were the days of famous actors, and the great Shakesperian tradition. The days of Edwin Booth, and John McCollough, of Frederick Ward, and many others whose names shine as stars in the theatrical firmament. Only once did I see Edwin Booth. The play was "Hamlet", and though I was only a little boy I can recall perfectly how thrilled I was by the magnificent acting and majestic personality of the great tragedian.

But what we children most desired to see were the Nigger Minstrel shows, then at the heights of their popularity. What a delight it was to us when the curtain came up and revealed the semi-circle of blackfaced comedians, who with tamborine and bones commenced their charming music; and to crack the latest jokes. No movie picture show can take their place. It was in 1876 that the great Centennial, commemorating the hundredth year of our country's inde-

pendence, took place in Philadelphia. I can well remember the celebration in San Francisco on July 4, 1876, especially the great parade along Market street, where at prominent points high triumphful arches had been erected across the street, the thousands of Civil War veterans—alas where are they now?—the picturesque Zouaves companies, the soldiers from the fronts, the sailors from the warships, and the many other organizations, civil and military, that went to make up the long procession that tramped for hours along the famous street. In the afternoon there was a sham battle between the forts and the fleets. My father and I stood with thousands of other people on one of the hills overlooking the bay, and watched the ships steaming in a circle, their tall masts and lofty spars half hid by the smoke of their flaming broadsides, as they exchanged shots with the forts that then guarded the harbors of San Francisco. It was the time of the war with the Sioux Indians. I can remember perfectly my uncle's distress when the news came that his revered commander, the gallant Custer, together with his brave troopers had ridden into the Valley of Death at the Little Big Horn and had been annihilated. It was also the time of the hotly contested presidential campaign of Tilden and Hays. Party feeling ran very high. One of the features of the campaign was the torch light processions held by the two parties. The different political clubs wore caps and shoulder capes of oilcloth of bright colors, and each man carried a torch at the end of a long stick over his right shoulder. In the intervals of the marching clubs were wagons on which were burnt red fire, while rockets and other fireworks lit up the long parades and turned the night into day. The bitter feeling was carried to such an extent, that it looked at one time that the country was on the verge of another civil war, but the matter was compromised, and the country spared another fraternal conflict. The different schools of the city, at the time, each had its cadet company, each company clad in a distinctive uniform which was worn on holidays and other occasions of rejoicing, and at ceremonies taking place at the school itself. The school I attended was a private



Price or The Memoirs of a Servant Maid, The Bronze Statue or The Virgins Kiss, The Coral Island or the Hereditary Curse, Kenneth—a Romance of the Highlands, The Loves of the Harem, The Massacre of Glencoe, Wagner The Wehr-Wolf, Ellen Perry A Tale of the Stage, The Empress Eugénies Boudoir, Agnes—or Beauty and Pleasure, The Young Duchess, The Rye House Plot, The Days of Hogarth or Old London, Canonbury House, The Soldiers Wife, The Perricide—or A Youth's Career in Crime, The Necromancer, Omar the Turkish Hero, Margaret or The Discarded Queen, Mary Stuart Queen of Scotland, and Leila or The Star of Mingre'ia. The writer has the eight volumes of the two last series of The Mysteries of the Court of London together with forty of the English novels and he values them all very highly, as the sight of their green and black-lettered covers brings back memories of the distant past of another age and another time. The writer omitted to state that he also has over a hundred of the Standard Plays including the play in which was first sung the beautiful and famous song "Home Sweet Home." This play was "Claire, The Maid of Milan, and was first performed at the Theatre Royal, Convent Garden, May 1823, London, England. Thinking that it might prove of interest to his readers the writer gives the titles of some of the old plays—famous in their day—in the writers collection: Corsican Brothers, The French Spy, Mazeppa, Pizarro, Castle Spectre, Beggars Opera, Frankenstein, Media, Last Days of Pompeii, Neck of the Woods, Dog of Montargès, Tower of Nesle, Daughter of the Regiment, Battle Imp, Dice of Death, Vampire, Lodoska, The Wandering Jew, The Man in the Iron Mask, The Tower of London, The Octaroon, Under the Gaslight, East Lynne, The Miller and His Men, Don Juan, Duchess of Ma'fi, Doom of Maranna, Valentine and Orsen, White Cat, Theodora, Seven Champions of Christendom, Ticket-of-Leave Man, Rinaldo Rinaldini, Satanus, Dead Heart.

In bringing his article to a close the writer wishes to state, that his readers can be assured of the absolute accuracy of the data he has employed, having obtained it from articles published in the London Journal, and

other publications in his collection of old English publications, which includes two volumes of "Bow Bells."

(By G. H. C. 1942)

## NEWSITIES

by Ralph F. Cummings

Frank Stover that used to write for the New York Weekly, lived up in Wayne, Pa.

Mrs. E. Burke Collins wrote 115 novels, and Mrs. Alex McVeigh Miller wrote 80 novels.

Wm. Lyons Phelps of Yale, said he read the Jack Harkaway tales in the old days.

Wm. J. Benners wrote for the Chicago Ledger in 1895-1902-1903-1904.

Emerson Bennett died at the Masonic Home in Pennsylvania, Broad St., No. Philadelphia.

Wm. J. Benners was born Sept. 27th 1863 at 11th St., between Brown and Parish, North, Philadelphia, Pa.

He was 9 years old when he read his first novel.

The Gustave Aimard stories in both Lovells and Seaside pocket Libraries were all castrated by Percy B. St. John.

Louis A. Godey and T. S. Arthur are buried in Woodland Cemetery, W. Phila., Pa.

H. K. Shakleford, of Georgia, wrote the first Jesse James Story, "Jesse, the Outlaw."

Dr. G. E. Blaklee is C. Leon Meredith. He wrote for the Little Chief Library.

Ned Buntline wrote over 400 novels.

St. George Rathborne had 28 nom de plumes.

George LePard, author of the "Monks of the Wissahicken" was buried at midnight. He was 29 years old when he died. He was the first writer of adventure and mystery stories.

## NOVELNUT NONSENSE

BROTHER MILLER, our famed naturalist, reports discovering the lifeless body of his pet rhinopinkus hilarium alongside the half-devoured meal that Cleve had cooked for himself. The species is now extinct.

MORE OBITS: We announce with sorrow, the passing of Bro. Beck's old brown hen, Marthy. Cause: The pip. George cannot be comforted.



to the detective; she recognizing him from the old song, which she knew well, that he was a friend; and last of all we well note "Neck of the Woods" and the fate of an Indian tribe at the hands of a semi-supernatural being, a madman, who, driven insane by the butchery of all he loved, by the tribe; assumes the disguise of a demon form and brings destruction and black doom upon every member of the murderous band.

But at the very last, we must be allowed to include the perennial "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with Topsy, little Eva, and Eliza chased across the ice bound river by the ferocious bloodhounds. How we enjoyed the old plays. They were not flickering shadows on a silver screen, but flesh and blood human beings we saw before us who acted the play with a realism no movie can approach. How we rose to some such scene as this—"Ha! Ha! My proud beauty, you shall yet be mine" hissed the villain as the heroine recoiled from him with loathing. "Never! Base Villian," shouted the brave hero, as he dashed to the rescue; and the boys up in Nigger Heaven—as the gallery was then called—sprang to their feet, and whooped with delight as hero and villain clashed in mortal combat—oh, the old plays were thrillers for all.

We will now take leave of the old time plays, and turn to the subject dear to the heart of every lover of the intense fiction of by gone days. The good old Dime Novel and its attendant literature. The old story papers, libraries, magazines and song books. I first came to know the old Dime Novel when as a little boy of eight years my mother gave me a stack of *Godey's Ladies Books* and told me to take them to an old book store, not far from where we dwelt, and see what I could get for them. I remember distinctly that the man gave me a quarter for the lot, which I promptly proceeded to invest in candy; but before I left the place I took a look over the piles of Dime Novels, story papers, and yellow back literature displayed on the shelves and counters of the store; and from that moment—long, long years ago,—dated my love for the old Dime Novel, and all the rest of the popular literature of that long past day. I haunted the place for long afterwards; and

when I was ever given any money, the greater portion went for my beloved Dime Novels. I had quite a stack of the old original Beadles Dime Novels, and also some of the DeWitts, likewise a considerable number of the old yellow back sensational novels so popular at the time. I was too young to do much reading of the mass of sensation fiction I had piled up, but I was happy in merely having it in my possession. I can recall perfectly the titles of many I had, and it may prove of interest to my readers if I give the titles of a number of the old original Dime Novels, both Beadles and DeWitts—from lists in my collection—

#### Beadles Dime Novels—

The Slave Sculptor, The Peon Prince, Mours Guinea, Rifleman of the Miami, Laughlin Eyes, The Indian Princess, Black Hollow, Red Plumes, The Creole Sisters, The Doomed Hunter, The Hidden Home, The Water Waif, The Haunted Life, Muta Chief, The Prairie Queen, The Forest Specter, The Black Princess, The White Apache, The Specter Riders, The Lone Chief, Glass Eye, The Red Brotherhood, The Child Spy, The Prairie Tigers, The Rivil Hunters, The White Avenger, The Phantom Trail, The Specter Spy, The Unseen Hand, The White Canoe, The Forest Monster, The Black Wizard, Black Arrow, White Serpent, Captain of Captains, The Stone Chief, The Crested Serpent, Blue Band, The Corsair Prince, Warrior Princess, and Metamora.

The above are a few taken at random from a list of over four hundred and thirty-three now in my possession.

Following are few of Beadles Pocket Novels—

Hawkeye Harry, The White Teacher, The Island Pirate, The Boy Ranger, Red Hand, The Specter Chief, The Black Ship, The Mystic Canoe, The Wolf Queen, Black Beard, The Island Trapper, Wolf Cap, Iron Hand, The Wood Witch, The Specter Horseman, The Girl Avenger, The Antelope Bay, The Phantom Hunter, Outlaw Jack, Tiger Tail, The Wood King, The Texas Tiger, The Crossed Knives, Tiger Heart, The Masked Avenger, Black Panther, and Silver Rifle.

Next in line we give the titles of a number of DeWitts Ten Cent Romances, and the particularly luring

I should have had a memoriam in last month, August, for our fine friend who passed to the great beyond on Aug. 3, 1931, John J. Maroney, he was one of the finest.

Owing to war conditions, The Collectors Guide, published by James Madison of New York, will not be published until in October. New size, new policy, new name, what can it be? Wait and C!

We are all waiting Jimmie, and holding our breath too.

One of our new members, Floyd L. Beagle, points out that we ought to have a quiz in the Roundup, such as:

1. What was the name of Jesse James' horse?
2. Name two Detectives that were always making it hot for Jesse James?
3. Who were Frank Reade's two assistants?
4. Who was Frank Merriwells' closest boy friend?
5. In what novels did Calamity Jane appear?

If you members are interested in this quiz, we'll carry it along every month. Who can answer the above correctly? Answers will appear the next month.

#### PARTIAL LIST OF 1942 MEMBERS OF H. H. B.

4. J. Edward Leithead, 5109 Cedar Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
7. Wm. M. Burns, 15 Cottage St., Rockland, Maine.
11. J. D. Harden, 634 Broad Street, Burlington, N. C.
16. G. Fred Orphal, 162 Remsen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
18. Chas. F. Westbrook, E. 1204 Illinois Ave., Spokane, Wash.
23. Charles H. Austin, 153 Main St., East Rockaway, N. Y.
27. J. Edward Smeltzer, Newportville, Pa.
29. Wm. M. Claggett, 347 Cottage Ave., Jacksonville, Fla. (Note new address).
31. C. B. Hamilton, 8 Paris Street, Norway, Maine.
40. P. C. Maroske, 4133—57th St., Woodside, L. I., N. Y.
41. Donald S. Leonard, 56 Green St., Melrose, Mass.
43. J. J. Coughlin, Box 706, Lawrence, Mass. (New member).
44. Delbert Love, Spencer, W. Va.
54. Wm. B. McCafferty, 1212 Denver Ave., Fort Worth, Texas.
62. Glenn H. Henderson, Box 356, Lock Haven, Pa. (new member)
64. W. E. Bennett, 2305 Indiana Ave., Kansas City, Mo.
65. U. G. Figley, Route 1, Bryan, Ohio. (New member).
74. James E. Knott, Bristol, N. H.
92. Robert L. Bickford, Newport, Vermont.
93. Thomas Hart, 1500 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
95. Howard J. Fahrner, 789 St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y.
101. Alan E. Schaeffer, 113 Cherry St., Myerstown, Pa.
103. Joseph Gantner, c/o DeLuxe Studio, Boonville, Mo. (New member).
109. C. E. Douglas, 402 Williams Av. Vienna, W. Va. (new member)
112. E. Marvin Smith, 21 Blacklawn, Mobile, Ala. (new member)
115. Clarence K. Howe, 937 Orchard St., Racine, Wis. (New member)
116. A. D. Martin, 1925 Cedar Springs Road, Dallas, Texas.
122. Robert McDowell, 20 Mifflin Av. Uniontown, Pa.
125. Peter W. Seiter, 3306 So. Justine St., Chicago, Ill.
127. Walter F. Tunks, 354 E. Market St., Akron, Ohio.
139. Edwin Sissung, Coopersburg, Pa.
142. Thomas W. Figley, Gloucester Public Schools, Gloucester, Ohio
143. Francis J. Scully, M. D., 904 Medical Arts Bldg., Hot Springs, Ark.

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of some of the stories then read to me. One in particular called the **Knight of the Red Cross**, I greatly admired, and the incident of the tale dwelt in my memory for long years afterwards. Also another story called **George Christy**; or, **The Fortunes of a Minstrel**. The story was first published in the **New York Fireside Companion**, and afterwards in the **Seaside Library**; and was a splendid tale, having for its hero the famous minstrel and comedian, George Christy whose minstrel company was so well known at the time. Before bringing his article to a close, the writer begs leave to state that he remembers perfectly seeing the first numbers of the **Boys of New York** hang in the windows of the news dealers; and also one of its first stories **The Demon of the Deep**, afterwards reprinted in the **Wide Awake Library**.

It has given supreme pleasure and satisfaction to the writer from his love of the old time novels, to write this article; and if what he has written has proved of interest to his readers, and given them some idea of a long past time, he is well content.

### NOVELNUT NONSENSE

**BROTHER MORAN** has propounded a theorem, to wit: With exact knowledge of his scatter-gun's muzzle velocity, and given a charge of black powder propelling a handful of pepper-corns and the chance of a shot into the seat of the Mikado's Pants Royal, he is willing to guarantee a world's record for a standing jump by the Son of Heaven of 47 ft. flat, followed by a seven-mile sprint and by a hop-skip-and-jump of three blocks ere Hihohito's enthusiasm abates. Pat used a pair of calipers in his calculations. There is no room for error.

**AN OUTRAGE**: Hearing that billions are being paid out, Bro. Miller wrote the country's President for a check. He tells us that he wrote and wrote again, he has not yet received it. Cleve wants to know is this a free country or aint it, and what should he do about it.

**BREAKERS AHEAD**: We are pained to learn that the libel suit entered agin' us for \$100,000.00 by Bro. Guinon has become publicized. Having become glassy-eyed by reading of Govt.

billions being spent, the zeroes in which look like the coaches of a long freight-train, \$100,000.00 was easy. A hurried inventory of our jeans revealed complete assets of one goose-quill tooth-pick, one button-hook and \$1.32 cash money. We thereupon called on our injured Brother and compromised the case out of Court, but miss our tooth-pick no end.

**ATTENTION**: Such of our Brothers who are going to the front, write me enclosing \$5.00 and I will tell you how to avoid being scragged by shrapnel. Editor R-U.

**OUR PRESIDENT**, Bro. Commings, received the following bill from Bro. Pachon, proprietor of R-U Beauty Parlor: "To damishes, \$1.00". It appears that Stanley broke a rasp on Bro. Commings' large toe-nail. We also learn that Reckless has been working on the Rail-Road. He says that others have done that and ended by owning the whole dad-fetched outfit, and refers us to Oliver Optic. You win, Ralph.

**BROTHER PLANK** (who is just an old guy sitting around sucking his gums) writes us that 49 cents a pound for bacon these days, is too high even for a hog, so he has gone back to straight oatmeal and whiskey. Economy, thou art a jewel.

**BRO. KRAJIC**, who is running for the position of "Keeper of the Dog Pound" in his village, solicits the votes of our members. Just send in your names and Joe will take care of the rest. Duly registered already are 10 inmates of the Insane Asylum, 183 corpses in the local grave-yard, and the town drunk.

A MILD flurry of profanity greeted our ears as we entered Bro. Burns' domain. We found Bill lying under the same old apple tree with a copy of "Polecat Pete" in hand, glaring balefully at a pigeon perched on a limb above his head. Said he: "If that there cussid albytross don't turn around or fly away, there ain't no place fer me to rest no more." We wandered through the plantation which contained every classified weed on earth and Bill explained that "them cabidges and turnips ain't doing so well because somebody must have planted the wrong seeds." He suddenly turned about and streaked for home, and we remarked that he had patched the seat of his denim



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